IRISH NATIONALIST.

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST

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CHARLES F. SMYTH, Manager.

St. PATRICK'S DAY

MARCH 17th, 1863.

GRAND CELEBRATION,

OF

ST. PATRICK'S DAY,

IN THE

CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In a few days the children of Erin will assemble to do honor to the memory of their fathers, and to offer up their hearts for the loved land of their birth. In every spot upon the wide world, Irishmen will gather together to pledge anew their devotion to their country, and to resolve again to hasten the day of her deliverance. Holy, holy is this ointment of affection for the spot where man first beholds the light of Heaven; where he passes the joyous days of childhood; where stands the cot in which his parents lived and he was born, and where rest the honored remains of his ancestry. How acceptable in the sight of the Almighty is this regard of native land, for akin to the love of God Himself, the giver of all good, is love of the land of our birth. To an undying degree, and in the full measure of all the best sentiments of the human heart, the Irish people entertain and give utterance to these noble, these holy impulses. No matter under what circumstances or under what condition of life or fortune the children of Erin are found, they proudly rear their heads and proclaim the country of their origin.

Here, in San Francisco, and throughout the whole extent of the State of California, in all the cities, and in every town and camp, the most active preparations are in progress to do full honor to the day, and to give the fullest effect to the ceremonies designed to mark the anniversary. Our own immediate fellow citizens of Irish origin are still vigorously pushing on their preparations, and we can say of them, that they will far exceed all their former efforts. Welcome, thrice welcome, the great national holiday of dear old Erin! welcome, a thousand welcomes to the men who honor it!

We give again the programme for San Francisco, and call attention to its importance, and bespeak for its entire detail the fullest approbation.

ADVANCE:

M. J. Burke, Chief of Police.
Mounted Police.

SECOND IRISH REGIMENT:
Thos. N. Caznean, Col. Commanding,
M. C. Smith, Lieut. Col,
Thomas Callan, Adjutant.

BAND.
Drum Corps.

COMPANY A, MONTGOMERY'S:
Capt. J. T. Hyde.

COMPANY B, MCMAHON'S:
Lieut. Commanding, Jas. Magrath,

COMPANY C, SHIELDS' GUARD:
Capt. R. F. Ryan.

COMPANY D, WOLFE TONE'S:
Capt. Arch. Wasson.

COMPANY E, MEAGHER'S:
Capt. Michael Cody.

COMPANY F. PETALUMA, EMMETT'S:
Capt. R. F. Baylis.

COMPANY G, SARSFIELD'S:
Lieut. Commanding, Ryan.

COMPANY H, EMMETT LIFE GUARD:
Capt. Michael Coonan.

Charles F. Smyth, Quartermaster.
Dr. J. M. Sharkey, Surgeon.
William Barton, Sergeant Major.

His Excellency,
Leland Stanford, Governor of the State, and Commander in Chief,
with
Adjutant General Kibbe
and Staff;

Major General Lucius H. Allen
and Staff.

Brigadier John S. Ellis
and Staff.

Barouches with the
Irish Directory:
Robt. J. Tobin, Esq., President.

Irish Pikemen.

Barouches with
Thos. Mulcahy, Esq., President of the Convention,
Hon. Frank Tilford, Orator of the Day,
His Honor, Mayor Teschmacher,
The Rev. Clergy.

Band

SONS OF THE EMERALD ISLE:
Daniel Sheehan, President.

FENIAN BROTHERHOOD:
William O'Connell, President.

ST. JOSEPH'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY:
Matthew McClosky, President.

IRISH AMERICAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY:
James Pratt, President.

Band.

LABORER'S PROTECTIVE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY:
Daniel Crowley, President.

Citizens on foot.

The procession will form on Stockton street, near Washington Square, and the different bodies draw up as follows:

The Military on the Square; Sons of the Emerald Isle, on Green street, north side, right resting on Stockton; Fenian Brotherhood, on Green street, south side, right resting on Powell; St. Joseph's, on Stockton street, east side, right resting near the Plaza; Irish Americans, on Stockton street, west side, right resting on Vallejo street; Laborer's Protective Society, on Stockton street, east side, right resting on Vallejo; Citizens, on Vallejo street, right resting on Stockton.

The procession will move at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely, up Stockton to Filbert, down Filbert to Powell along Powell to Union, down Union to Stockton, along Stockton to Washington, down Washington to Montgomery, along Montgomery to California, to St. Mary's Cathedral.

After the exercises at the Cathedral the procession will form in the same order, and proceed down California to Montgomery, up Montgomery to Second, along Second to Howard, through Howard to Third, up Third to Market, down Market to Montgomery and along that street to the Metropolitan Theatre.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE THEATRE:
Music by the Band.
Anthem.
Oration by Hon. Frank Tilford.
Music.
Address by President of Irish Directory,
Robt. J. Tobin, Esq.

Upon the close of the ceremonies at the Theatre, the different bodies will march to their respective headquarters. The pit and stage will be occupied by the Civic Societies and Military; the body of the house by the public.

Reserved seats and tickets may be obtained at the box office, on Monday, the 16th, and on the forenoon of the 17th.

By order of the Convention of Irish Societies.

THOMAS MULCAHY, President.

MICHAEL KANE, Secretary.

The Procession will be accompanied by a detachment of Police, detailed by Chief Burke, for the purpose of removing any obstructions, and for the preservance of the strictest order. All Drivers of Vehicles are respectfully requested not to impede the progress of the procession.

THE LATEST IRISH NEWS.

THE GALWAY POSTAL SUBSIDY.

A large and highly influential meeting of the citizens of Dublin, and others interested in the Royal Atlantic Mail Steam packet Company, and the establishment of a postal communication between Galway and America, was held on the 20th of January in the King's Room of the Mansion House. The meeting was called by the Lord Mayor, in compliance with a requisition, signed by about 4,000 persons, including the Marquis of Clanricard, the Earl of Clancarty, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Clonbrock, Lord Dunkellin, several members of Parliment, deputy lieutenants, magistrates., clergymen, lawyers, country gentlemen, merchants, bankers, and private citizens. Shortly before one o'clock the chair was taken by the Lord Mayor, who addressed the meeting in a short speech, congratulating the public on the great enterprise, after which Alderman Reynolds made a long speech. He was followed by the Marquis of Clarnicard, who proposed the first resolution:

Resolved—"That the national importance of establishing a first-class postal, passenger, and commercial transatlantic packet station on the west coast of Ireland having had the recognition of successive governments, and the support, not only of all classes in this country, but of the leading mercantile communities in England, this meeting pledges itiself to use continuous and energetic efforts to realize that great national object."

Lord Viscount Gough seconded the resolution which was carried unanimously.

The Earl of Clancarty moved a resolution to the following effect:—"That, as it now appears, that a sum exceeding £600,000 has been expended on the company's fleet, about £200,000 of which has been expended to render the ships efficient and seaworthy, on the faith of the Prime Minister's speech in August, 1861, we are of the opinion that it is the imperative duty of her Majesty's Government to restore to the people of the United Kingdom the immediate advantage of the shortest and safest postal and passenger communication between the United Kingdom and America."

Mr. Vance, M. P., seconded the resolution, which was also carried unanimously.

Mr. John Bagwell, M. P. moved the next resolution to the following effect: "That the meeting has learned, with feelings of much pleasure, that the Directors of the Royal Atlantic Mail Company are now prepared to undertake the performance of the postal service between Galway and America, in accordance with the conditions clearly expressed in the speech of Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, in the month of July, 1861."

Sir Patrick O'Brien, Bart., M. P., moved the next resolution, as follows:—"That the following gentlemen be appointed a committee to prepare and forward an address to our Parliamentary representatives of every shade of political opinion, imploring of them to attend in the House of Commons immediately after it assembles for the purpose of securing the restoration of the subsidy, and the committee be also empowered and directed to communicate with the different Irish municipalities and counties, and secure their co-operation in carrying out the objects of this meeting" (here follow the names of the gentlemen appointed to act upon the committee).

Sir Edward Grogan and several other distinguished gentlemen then made brief addresses and the meeting adjourned.

DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

It is our painful duty to state, says the Sligo *Champion*, which we do on the best authority—on that of benevolent persons who have had ocular proof—that the distress in this town and many parts of the county, is even greater than at this period last year. The past was the third bad harvest, and that of itself would lead to severe privations on the part of the humbler classes; but to this must be added the great dearth of employment, arising from several causes, but principally owing to the wet weather, which precluded any out-door work. A respected clergyman, through whose exertions relief was afforded to many of our starving people during the winter of 1861-62, has assured us that his people are suffering as deeply as last year, and added: "I do not know what will become of them. Last year their wretched condition was admitted by all with the exception of the government, and generally speaking; there was a generous response to our appeal; but at present there appers to exist a doubt as to the distress, from what cause I know not, and in the absence of any combined action, I fear that the results will be many deaths from absolute starvation."

The records of the Quarter Session Courts throughout the country during the past month bear undeniable evidence of the deep distress, of the wasting away of the people. Since these courts were first established, there has been nothing approaching to the number of civil bills and ejectments that have been disposed of within the past few days. In Ballymote and Sligo alone one hundred ejectment cases were heard by the Chairman of the county; and to show the utter prostration of the people it is only necessary to remark that there was hardly an instance of defence being taken by the unfortunate tenants, many of whom had been in favorable circumstances five years since, but have been reduced to poverty in consequence of the bad harvests of the last three years.

The Government is too busily occupied with carrying out the policy of extermination, to make any movement calculated to arrest the consequences of the misgovernment of this unfortunate country. They would much prefer turning their attention to, and acting upon, the atrocious sentiments of their beastly organ, the *Times*—just doing the work at which Sir Robert Peel was employed this time twelvemonths.

A good move towards meeting this exterminating process, has been made by the spirited clergy and people of Mullingar, who met in that town on Monday last, and entered into arrangements for the holding of a "monster" county meeting in favor of justice to the tenant farmers. We trust this example will be followed by every county in Ireland.

The Tipperary *Advocate* says: Distress is fearful in all parts of the country, and cries out for immediate alleviation. In the metropolis it is fearful. We thus find at present in that beautiful city these tales of woe related: "In most of the rooms which we visited there was no furniture—all had been sold. The wretched people who occupied them were in rags, all but naked; so much so, in many cases we had to turn the head aside for sake of common decency. One poor family, consisting of seven persons, applied for relief to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and when the relief was brought in the shape of food it had to be left on the landing, as the door could not be opened until the stranger went away. Why? Because the seven wretched creatures were confined to a room without one particle of clothing to cover their nakedness. When the person who brought the food retired it was taken in and devoured by the famishing and nude occupants of that miserable appartment." Is it creditable to the common sense and humanity of the metropolis that these relations should be truthfully told, when it sends a thousand pounds a week to swell the funds for Lancashire? The distress now rolling through the length and breadth of the land is a disgrace to our people of means. It is time that the cause of the Irish poor should be resolutely and plainly maintained, as patriotism, humanity and common sense plead potently in its behalf.

The bone and sinew of our land are wasting away. There is no life in the country. And in liberal politics peevishness is breaking out in dissension. Something must be done, and immediately, to save the people from downsinking poverty, and the country from being widely impoverished. Ireland is an easy country to recover from poverty and strife, as the soil is so fertile, and the people so bright and cheerful. If we possessed a good tenant-right system in this country, it would soon progress to a high position of prosperity. Ireland possesses all the qualities of a nation, and would be one if Irishmen would join in brotherhood and strive together for the old land, beautiful to look upon, and embellished with noble memories. But our business is to alleviate the distress that is eating the lives of our people. As it is, it looms in sad colors in the coming time. Be up and meet it. In relieving the distress may spring up sparks of patriotism that will light up a flame of freedom to warm the hearts of the whole people to the struggle for the resuscitation of Ireland to happiness and just laws.

MEXICAN INTELLIGENCE.

We received by the last steamer from Mazatlan valuable information relative to the mining association known as the San Francisco Mining Company. This is the company of which Gen. JAMES SHIELDS was originally President, and to whose service the General is now returning, the company having ascertained that their mine was very valuable, have invited him to resume his former position.

The journal published at Mazatlan gives the following highly interesting particulars of the mine in question, which we publish. It will be interesting to our readers, inasmuch as the company is exclusively composed of our countrymen:

"CONSOLACION" MINE.—This mine is owned by the San Francisco Silver Mining Company, and is located at Alapa, in the adjoining State of Durango, a short distance from the dividing line between the States of Durango and Sinaloa, and about 200 miles northeast of this city. Mr. Blaney, the agent, called at our office last week, and exhibited maps of the mine, the hacienda, etc., and gave us at the same time much valuable information on the subject.

At the mouth of the mine the tunnel is eight feet six inches wide, by five feet eight inches high; at the distance of eight feet into the tunnel, it becomes higher and wider, being from seven feet high by nine feet wide, and from nine feet high at the extreme end to seven and a half feet wide. The entire length of the tunnel is forty-six feet seven inches. The floor of the tunnel is an inclined plane, having admirable facilities for draining off any water that may accumulate therein.

The maps mentioned above show three distinct veins, visible from the surface, running in an east and west course. It is the general opinion of such miners as have examined these veins that the three unite and form one grand body of metal; and all the indications so far favor the belief that the metal to be found at the junction will prove to be very rich.

The distance from the hacienda to the mine is 1,650 yards, (80 rods less than a mile.) At the hacienda there are the dwelling house, 20x13½ feet; machine house, 35x32; the oven for roasting the metal, with adobe foundation and burnt brick for floor and dome, and covered with a tyle and palma roof. Also, the rastra; the patio, in which the metal is amalgamated; the house of the employés around the mine and hacienda, known as "Nueva Dublin;" the blacksmith shop, coral, etc.

At present the metal is packed on mules from the tunnel to the hacienda, over a somewhat rough and zig-zag road. From the mouth of the tunnel to the creek below, a "slide" for the conveyance of the metal could be made for a small outlay, and thence to the hacienda a good rail track could be constructed for about $1,000. These improvements are in contemplation by the company, and will be completed at an early day. The company intend also to apply steam power to the works, as at present there being near by an abundance of timber suitable for the driving of steam machinery.

We are glad to be able to add that upwards of 300 tons of rock, of a paying character, has been taken out, and that the assays made show the mine to be of great richness.

OUR MEXICAN CORRESPONDENCE.

MAZATLAN, February 16, 1863.

EDITORS NATIONALIST: I received the prospectus of THE IRISH NATIONALIST per steamer *Oregon*, and rejoice that there is about to be published in your excellent city a journal which has been long needed to represent the great mass of the Irish people on the Pacific slope, and to fully represent the actions of our countrymen at home. It meets not only with my approbation, but with the approbation of my countrymen here, and when I return from Alapa, where urgent business calls me, I will send you a long list of subscribers, every one of whom are anxious to see THE NATIONALIST. Your subscription list will embrace names well known in Mazatlan, Durango, Alapa, and other places.

I would like to write you a long letter, but, at present, time will not admit of it, however, I will give you a couple of items.

Judge Terry arrived here by the *Oregon*, from your city, and, with a party of Secessionists, has left for Texas. It is believed that he is Brigadier General in the Southern army, and that he has been well supplied by California sympathisers with funds.

There is a rumor afloat that the Confederates have agents throughout the State of Sinaloa, purchasing mules and blankets for their army.

Of the French invasion I have much to say, but time flies, therefore, wishing yourselves and THE NATIONALIST a happy national day on the 17th of March,

I am, very respectfully yours. J. H. B.

ALUM IN NEVADA TERRITORY.—An alum spring, and a great bed of substance itself, as pure as the imported article, have been found down here in Six-mile Canon, hardly out of sight of the town. Frink made the discoverey on a hill-side just back of his mill. One of our mill men says this alum will be very valuable in the reduction of ores, if its quality proves to be really as it seems, and he is now engaged in leaching some of it for the purpose of testing it. —*Territorial Enterprise.*

THE CITY.

DURING the past week we have again been favored with genial spring weather. The city has been well filled with strangers, who, as a matter of course, helped to fill the different places of business, as well as those of amusement. Nothing of extraordinary moment, worthy of the especial attention of our citizens, took place, if we except a brutal exhibition of what is nicknamed the "manly art," which took place in this vicinity on Tuesday. We have no heart to give even an outline of it. Suffice it to say, that the miserable men who were the principals, one a Hebrew, and the other, we regret to say, an Irishman, severely punished each other; and, after nearly pounding the life out of one another, at the end of two hours and a half, the brutal encounter was brought to a close. Two full steamer loads of *admiring* citizens attended the disgusting exhibition, accompanied with music and gay banners. At nine o'clock in the evening the whole crowd returned, and as the boat struck the wharf, the band struck up the air of the *Boys that wear the green*, announcing that our foolish countryman had won the fight. We condemn all this heartily, still, as it came off, it is some little satisfaction that the "boy that wore the green" was not second best.

THE CHARLEY DUANE SUIT.—In the case of Charles Duane *vs.* Charles Goodall, the Judge of the U. S. District Court rendered a decision on Monday. Goodhall was captain of the steam-tug *Hercules*, which was used to take Duane from the city—(then in charge of the Vigilance Committee)—to the steamer at Fort Point. Duane was taken by the steamer *Golden Age* to Panama. He sued the captain and mate of that steamer for transporting him against his will, and afterwards compromised the suit against them for $2,000. The suit against Goodall was brought before the settlement of the action against the commander and mate of the *Golden Age*, and the decision of the Court is, that this naturally forms a portion of the original complaint, and that a settlement or satisfaction of the one case necessarily involves that of the others, and therefore all that the Court does in this case is simply to give the libellant (Duane) his costs.

THE SONS OF THE EMERALD ISLE.—We have received cards of invitation for the tenth anniversary ball of the Association of the Sons of the Emerald Isle, which will be held at Hayes' Park, on the evening of Patrick's Day. The preparations making by the "Sons" for the occasion indicate that a good time is in store for all who may favor them with their company. They are clever fellows, and anything they undertake they perform well. Long live the "Sons!" They are the pioneer Irish Society, and after the line of procession has been marched over on St. Patrick's Day, will file out at Market street, and proceed by the cars to Hayes' Park, where they will further celebrate the day by an oration to be delivered by the Hon. Mr. Farley, and other patriotic exercises.

ALGERNON STEVENS.—One of city papers states that Algernon Stevens, who cut officer McDougall with a knife so severely as to endanger his life and cripple his hand permanently, nearly a year since, and escaped trial on account of his insanity, is reported to be so nearly restored to reason that he will soon be discharged from the asylum at Stockton. The physicians, however, think that he is liable to be again attacked by the malady at any time. If such is the case, he should be narrowly watched, and another chance should not be given him to use the knife so freely.

ANNIVERSARY BALL OF THE MCMAHON'S.—The fourth anniversary ball of the McMahon Grenadier Guards will be held at Platt's Music Hall, on the evening of the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day. The McMahon's are famous for giving splendid entertainments, and we are assured that the one which is to come off on this occasion will outrival any that has ever taken place in this city. We trust the noble and gallant corps may realize their most sanguine wishes in their generous endeavors to make their friends happy on the evening of their anniversary.

EASTERN NEWSPAPERS.—Once more we are indebted to Mr. J. W. Sullivan for a large file of Eastern papers, for which he will receive our thanks.

WHITE & BAUER, have also laid upon our table a heavy file of Eastern newspapers, for which favor we tender our acknowledgments.

BENICIA GUARD.—The Benicia Guard military company is expected to arrive here on Monday evening next, by the Sacramento boat, in order to participate in the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. They will be received by the Shields Guard, and will be the guests of the latter company during their sojourn in this city.

QUICK PASSAGE.—The clipper ship *Great Republic*, Capt. Limeburner, arrived at this port on Saturday evening last, having made the best trip of the season, only 102 days from New York.

THE OPPOSITION STEAMER.—The opposition steamer *St. Louis*, sailed on Wednesday, for San Juan del Sur. She had on board six hundred passengers.

(Concluded from our last.)

Annie O'Brien.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

CHAPTER IV.

"God of justice," I sighed, "send your spirit down
On these lords so cruel and proud,
And soften their hearts and relax their frown,
Or else,"—I cried aloud,
"Vouchsafe thy strength to the peasant's hand,
To drive them at length from our land."—DAVIS.

WE beg now, to introduce the reader into a miserable roadside cabin. There is nothing to distinguish it from the very worst of its class; but a lace-bound lady's pocket handkerchief, which, small as it is, is nearly double the size of the window, against which it hung by way of a curtain.

"Annie," said a weak voice from a bed, or rather a bundle of straw, in a corner of the dark, damp room, "you wouldn't guess who I was dreaming of."

"I don't know, mother—I hope you feel better."

"A little easier, avoorneen," said Mrs. O'Brien. Then recurring to her dream again, she added, "Frank Mullally! of all the men in the world!—Don't you remember that it was this very day two years he took his leave of you."

Poor Annie made no reply, but her eyes filled, and her lips trembled, and, in spite of her efforts to check it, a big tear dropped upon her emaciated hand. Too well she remembered it! "The distasteful villian," exclaimed the widow, while Annie looked bewildered at her supposing that she alluded to Frank. This idea was soon removed, for her mother continued.

"He knew well when he threatened to turn us out if I took a son-in-law, that if we had Frank to look after the farm, with the help of his friends, we'd be able to clear off the arrears, and hould the place under the ould lease in spite of him. But he only wanted to have us unprotected under his thumb. If that man 'll ever have luck 'tis a quare world, Annie."

"Don't think of him at all, mother, there's no use in it."

"Annie, as sure as I'm a living woman, Frank Mullally will come home again."

"Oh, mother, don't say that—how could we bear to see him?"

And she looked round the wretched hovel, while the blood mounted up to her very forehead.

"Is there e're a drop of whey, alanna?"

"No, mother, but Jude Doran promised to be here in the evening with some milk."

"Poor Jude is a grateful crather—well, Annie give me a drink of wather—the blessed wather, that the good God sint in plinty to the poorest of us—and I'll try and get another sleep."

And this was the widow O'Brien of the Grove—the bustling, open hearted, charitable—and in no slight degree, the important and ostentatious "Mrs. O'Brien"—she whose claim to the very pinnacle of rustic respectability, none dared to gainsay, for it was incontrovertible; to wit—thirty cows, and a brother a priest!

And that drooping girl, kneeling upon the cold clay floor—she was "the flower of the parish," the favorite of old and young, the queen amongst the fair maidens of the green valley. To this they were brought by an act of legalized robbery, which could be perpetrated with impunity, only in a land like Ireland—ruled over by the cold blooded stranger.

And had they no friends?

Their relations could be counted by the hundred. But the first cousins happened not to live so near them as the second; and the second were, of course not so nearly related as the first; and, what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Yet they had one true friend: so true that if laying her head on the block would have lightened their sufferings, the sacrifice would gladly have been made. This true friend was Annie's old nurse, Jude Doran. Poor Jude's worldly wealth consisted of one old, limping, hairy, white goat—the most patient and persecuted animal under the sun. What she lived on was a mystery. For if poor Gin but looked crooked at a single blade of Attorney Prattle's grass, woe to her. And so well did she know this, that if she chanced to stray a little way along the road, munching a bramble here and there, if a step was heard approaching, she would shake her old tail in terror, and hobble home as fast as her three good legs would carry her. If her mistress happened to be out, and the hasp on the door, (unlike the ostrich, which hides her head,) poor Gin would stick her other end into a cavity in the ditch, and look fearfully in the direction of the coming footsteps. The poor old goat managed to live, however; and her poor old mistress brought a bowl of nutritious milk morning and evening to Annie and her sick mother.

I do not remember who it is has said, "The poor are the best friends of the poor." The words are as true as if He who preached the sermon on the Mount had spoken them.

* * * * * * *

"I didn't see so fine a funeral this many a day—a power of jantin' cars!"

"'Tis a fine respectable funeral, sure enough—but that's no wonder; wasn't she related to the strongest families in the three parishes?"

"But is it true, Dick, they wor in such poverty?"

"Why then it is thrue, Larry; and 'tis little any one thought her father's child 'id ever see a poor day. I'm tould they owed on't the one year's rint; and be all accounts they'll clear up the last farthin' if they got fair play."

"An' where was the great frinds thin Larry? Begor, if they're only good for comin' to one's berrin' I'd as lief be widout 'em."

The plumed hearse stopped opposite the stile leading into the churchyard. The velvet pall was removed, and—oh! mockery—an unpainted, rough deal, pauper coffin was exposed to view. So it was. The widow O'Brien died rather unexpectedly, and her "friends" forgot until the last moment that the family dignity should be upheld. A hearse was sent for in hot haste, to the next town. The relieving officer had provided the coffin. The family burial place was railed round; Mrs. O'Brien's remains were to be placed next the remains of her brother, the priest. Four highly respectable men, with silver-mounted whips, carried the coffin inside the railing. A poor old creature, with a patched cloak, crept after them.

"Stand back, my good woman."

Ah! sir—she toiled for her, she watched for her, she closed her eyes, and placed her in the pauper coffin; will you not let her drop a tear into her grave?"

"Stop," said the highly respectable man, as the first shovel full of earth was about being thrown into the grave.

The man stopped, and was obliged to go down again into the grave—the head of the coffin required to be moved one inch to the left. What a blessing is a useful friend!

"Stand back, my good women."

Poor Jude Doran!—she retired to a little distance, to pray and weep. The highly respectable men took a pinch of snuff.

CHAPTER V.

"And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame;
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name,
Aileen,
And bless another name.

And when with both returned again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there,
And a hand will welcome me,
Aileen,
And a hand will welcome me.—BANIM.

I looked upon my book. "Surely," I thought, "that car had stopped at the gate." The latch was raised by some familiar hand; a stranger could not have found it so readily. There was a hurried step upon the gravel, followed by a loud knock at the door. I drew back the bolt, and Frank Mullally grasped me by the hand. "Is she alive?" "Yes, she's alive—but"—"But she's dying—and a pauper. O God! why did I not know all this in time." He flung himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. I begged of him to be calm.

"I will be calm," said he, resting his forehead on the back of the chair, "but tell me all." "It is a short story, Frank; and unfortunately a common one in Ireland. Bad crops, and the cattle disease at first—the landlord—the poor house—death afterwards. Annie received her mother's blessing with her last breath, and was sent the next day to the hospital in a raging fever." "And her friends?" he asked in a husky voice. "I won't attempt to excuse them," I replied; "but neither will I wrong them. There are few in the country now whom ruin does not threaten; and when people's own cares weigh heavily upon them, they are not apt to remember the cares of others. However, Annie's uncle has resolved to provide for her when she gets strong enough to leave the hospital. But I will not conceal the truth from you, Frank: I was talking to the doctor, yesterday, and he fears that a more insiduous disease than the fever is preying upon her."

"And it is for this I have toiled and struggled! My own gentle Annie! whom I hoped to meet in the full flush of womanly beauty—and have I come back but to see you laid in the cold grave? O! Annie your heart was broken! She was murdered," he exclaimed, in a voice, and with a look that terrified me. "Do not suppose," he continued bitterly, "as if he guessed what was in my mind, "do not suppose that I will touch a hair of the guilty wretch's head. Sending him to an untimely grave could not bring the flush of health back to the cheek of Annie O'Brien."

I could not prevail on him to retire to rest; he preferred, he said, stretching upon the sofa. But when I awoke at intervals, during the night, he was still pacing slowly up and down the little room.

I went to Frank's sister, Mrs. Cormack, next day to the poor house. While making some inquiry in the clerk's office, the vice-chairman of the Board entered. He had brute written in every lineament of his face, and his face did not belie him. He called for the return of deaths during the week; and pored over the list with a look that a savage might have worn, while counting the scalps of his enemies. "The devil wouldn't kill the Irish," he exclaimed, as he flung the book upon the desk.* The rations were reduced to a minimum the last Board day—and the number of deaths disappointed him. He hoped there would be twice as many. This humane gentleman was the late Mrs. O'Brien's landlord.

CHAPTER VI.

"I do not think where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me
And I, perhaps may soothe this heart,
By thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore."
REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

It was all in vain—all that skill, and kindness, and genteel care could do. The soft April days had come, and the air was laden with a thousand balmy odours—but in vain, Annie O'Brien was dying. The shadows were lengthening; it was evening. There was something awe-inspiring in the dreamy stillness that reigned in and around the house. It was only broken by the ticking of the clock, and the muffled "hah, hah—hah, hah," of the flail from the barn; and these only served to make the silence more palpable. Mrs. Cormack read the "Litany for the dying." The fair girl's lips moved as she repeated the responses, and she looked upwards, as if the earthly film had already drooped from her eyes, and the spiritual had become visible to her. "Raise the window." It was raised—and now all was again silent. A shadow flitted across the room; a bird had lighted upon the window-sill. Scarcely had their eyes turned in the direction when a clear, flute-like "cuckoo, cuckoo," pealed through the silent room. Mrs. Cormack made the sign of the cross. The incident was extraordinary, and taken in connection with the dying girl, she fancied there was something supernatural in it. The bird having uttered its two-fold shout, flew away."

"No harm in the world, Annie."

"Mrs. Cormack, put on my habit." Mrs. Cormack proceeded to put on the robe, worn by persons belonging to the Society of the Blessed Virgin; a figure started up from behind the bed to assist her. You here too! you poor old cripple—and you have never stretched your old rheumatic bones upon a bed for the last three weeks. "Hold the crucifix, Jude." Jude Doran knelt down, holding the sign of salvation before the fallen eyes of her worshiped darling. "The blessed candle!" Mrs. Cormack hurried out to light it. And now the whole household knelt around the door to pray. A loud wail from the faithful old nurse told that all was over. Frank rushed out into the lawn to hide his emotion. He looked up to the blue sky to try if he could not see her there.

* Fact.

CHAPTER VII.

"They'd right the suffering Isle they loved—those exiles far away."—MARTIN M'DERMOTT.

The elder blossoms had twice fallen upon Annie O'Brien's grave. On my way to the old church, I passed Jude Doran's mud-built cabin; the door was hasped on the outside; and poor old Gin—not much the worse of the wear—was lying across it, evidently determined on making the most of the straw she was munching, and occasionally turning up her right eye towards the silvery clouds, with a knowing look—as much as to say, "I see something like rain up there—for all how sunny it is." Gin's fellow sentinels were a pair of stumpy, sooty old hens, with bundles of straw tied to their backs to keep them from "trespassing." I met Jude herself coming out of the grave yard. She was nearly bent double with age and infirmity, and her old bones were so stiff now, she was obliged to carry a short stick with a crook at the end, to help her to move. "What in the world brought you here, Jude?" "Miss Annie, and the poor mistress, sir," she replied, pointing in the direction of their graves; and holding up her beads to signify that she was praying for them. I blessed the faithful creature in my heart. "I always pray for Miss Annie," she continued, "with her own weeny beads, though my poor old fingers can hardly feel the stones they're so little. She brought it from the nunnery in Thurles, sir," and Jude placed a little blue glass rosary in my hand. "Oh, sir," she continued, with the garulity of her class, "if ever there was a born angel she was one. When she'd think the pain in the back 'id be at me, without pretendin' to anything, she'd make me stop workin, and hould a skein of thread for her—or may be 'tis out in the garden sh'd send me to watch the bees for feard they'd be swarmin. Wasn't she as beautiful as waxwork, sir." "She was indeed, Jude—and good as she was beautiful." "You may say that, sir. 'Tis many's the scouldin' I gave her for running like a wild thing through the fields, she was cracked after the flowers, sir."

"Oh! whin the black villains turned 'em out, and when the poor mistress used to be frettin' and complainin', Miss Annie 'id put her arms round her neck and tell her that God often sends us poverty and sufferin for our good; it would do your heart good to listen to her. She had words at will, sir, and read a power o' books though she usen't to pretind to id."

"Well, Jude, go home now, and have the sugar-bottom chair ready for me, and I'll call on my way down; you must tell all about '98, and how bravely your brother died; and how the rascally yeomen put the rope about your neck to frighten you into discovering on him."

"Yes, sir—and how they offered him goold and his life if he'd turn informer. But the good drop was in him—he had a stout heart—he died brave," and her eyes gleamed, and her withered face gleamed with enthusiasm.

"But it is true, sir, that Frank Mullally joined the army?"

"Well it is true, Jude." "Mavrone! 'tis little I thought he'd ever be a red coat." "But his coat is not red, Jude." "Eh?" she exclaimed quickly, they're not Sassenachs out there? May be they're like the French?" Exactly, Jude—Frank is an officer in the Irish American army."

Jude whirled her crutch, and hobbled off humming a line of an old Irish ballad—

And we'll plant the tree of liberty on the top of
Slieve-na-mon[illegible]

I recalled Frank's words to me, while replying to my arguments against his leaving Ireland again; and while he spoke was struck with his voice and manner, and the lines thought had traced on his face. The hot youth had become a man of purpose. On the contrary, a just Providence would make him the instrument of breaking the chain, and humbling the oppressor. "To that end my life shall be dedicated," said he, "and if ever you see any signs of life in the old land, and if the thought occurs to you that Frank Mullally has forgotten his allegiance to her cause—go stand under the alder tree in the churchyard, on the hill, and you will doubt me no longer!"

I stood under the alder tree and saw what he alluded to—it was this:

ANNIE O'BRIEN, Aged 20 years.

MADAME VAN SCHAICK'S CAT.

The anger of an Amsterdam lady was caused by the mischance of Mynheer Diedrich, a zealous member of one of the volunteer rifle corps of that flat but handsome city, who, when practicing at a target, unluckily shot the cat of Madame Van Schaick. Though full of rage and grief at the loss of her favorite, and bent upon revenge, the lady was anxious not to do or say anything that could implicate her husband in the affair, dreading lest a duel between the two gentlemen might be the result, and accordingly determined to avenge on Madame Diedrich the tragic death of the unfortunate animal. She therefore sent private orders to her husband's foreman—Mynheer Van Schaick is one of the most extensive ship owners of the city—desiring him to have the holds of their ships searched for rats, and to send her fifty of the finest specimens of those creatures that he could succeed in causing to be taken alive. The order was promptly executed, and the rats, safely shut up in a large chest, were dispatched by the bereaved *frau* to the country house whither the Diedrichs had betaken themselves for the summer. The chest reached its destination in safety, arriving just as the owners of the place were enjoying the beauty of a lovely summer evening. Madame Diedrich, who was expecting a box of dresses from town, and supposing the chest to contain the looked for finery, caused it to be brought into the dining-room and opened under her own eyes. Her "feelings," when the lid was raised and the avenging army leaped forth from its ambush, may be imagined. Nailed to the under side of the lid was a letter addressed to the dismayed and astonished lady, and containing these words:

"Madame: Your husband has killed my cat. I have the honor of sending you my rats.

"Your loving friend,

"ADELA VAN SCHAICK."

A woman living alone in the Rue des Tourneurs, at Liege, was found hanging by one hand from the ceiling of a room in an upper story, and quite dead. It was supposed that, in descending from a loft above, where she had been to fetch wood, the trap-door had accidentally shut down upon her hand, and being unable to release herself, she had hung there in dreadful agony till death put an end to her sufferings.

COULD NOT PART WITH THEM!

ON board one of the Lake steamers, bound for the Far West, were an Irish family—husband, wife, and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances; but the exceeding beauty of the children, two girls and a boy, were the admiration of all their fellow passengers. A lady, who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting one of the little travelers, and made application to the father, through a friend, who gives the following touching, and, as we suppose, truthful account of the negotiation.

I proceeded, he says, upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair:

"You are very poor?"

His answer was very characteristic:

"Poor, sir!" said he; "ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both of us, for we'd be about equal?"

"Then how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it support them, sir? Why I don't support them any way; they get support some way or other. It 'ill be time enough for me to complain when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

It was too sudden; he turned sharply round.

"A what, sir!" he cried, "a relief to part from my child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from my body, or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us, what do you mane?"

"You don't understand me, I replied. If, now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?"

"No, sir," said he; "heaven knows that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warmth of it; but do tell us what you are driving at."

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children, and, if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching. At length he said:

"O, murther, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary—that's the mother of them; an' it wouldn't be right to be giving away her children before her face, and she to know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you, then," said I, "and bring me back an answer as soon as possible."

In about half-an-hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what success?"

"Bedad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he. "But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says, as it's for the child's good, may be the heavens above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well; and which of them is it to be?"

"Faix, and I don't know, sir," and he ran his eye dubiously over both. Here's little Norah—she's the oldest, and won't need her mother so much; but then—O tear and aigers—I can't tell myself which I'd rather part with—so take the first one that comes, with a blessing. There, sir," and he handed over little Norah; turning back, he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty, father's kiss, saying through his tears:

"May God be good to him that's good to you, an' them that offers you hurt or harm, may they never have luck." Then, taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

I took her down to the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time, I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye he commenced making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said he, "I ask your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we were thinking that maybe it 'd make no difference—you see, sir, I've been talking to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, because the creature has a look of me; but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, an' if you please, sir, will you swap?"

"Certainly," said I, "whenever you like."

So he snapped up little Norah, as though it were some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night; but, lo! the moment when we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

"What's wrong, now?" I inquired.

"Be the hokey fly, sir, an' it's meself that's almost ashamed to tell you. You see I've been talking to Mary, and she didn't like to part with Norah, because she had a look of me, and be my sowl, I can't part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother; but there's little Paudeen, sir. There's a lump of a Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one; for if he takes after his mother he'll have the brightest eye, and if he takes after his father he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap again, sir?"

"With all my heart," said I; it's all the same to me;" and so little Paudeen was left with me.

"Ha! ha!" said I to myself, as I looked into his big, laughing eyes, "the affair is settled at last."

But it wasn't; for ten minutes had scarcely elasped, when Pat rushed into the cabin, without sign or ceremony, and snatching up the baby, cried out: "It's no use; I've been talking to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir—he's the youngest, and the last of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look of me, and Biddy has a look of Mary; but be my sowl, little Paudeen has the mother's eye and my nose, and a little of both of us all over! No, sir, no; we can bear hard fortune, starvation and misery, but we can't bear to part from our children, unless it be the will of Heaven to take them from us!"

TRUE NOBILITY.—The day-laborer, who earns with horny hand and the sweat of his brow coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised, by this generous motive, to true dignity; and, though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.

SPRING.

ONCE more is Spring fully upon us. The heavens grow brighter, and the earth reflects an increasing color. Mankind casts off the semi-dormant condition of cold and rainy weather, and on every side is felt and seen the throbbing of a freshened pulsation—the evidence of renewed vitality. The spirits are exhilirated; the strength is increased, and a confident belief in future prosperity arises from the kindly ministrations of nature. The world emerges from its chrysalis state, as by a miracle, fortified for fresh enterprise, and hopeful of unprecedented success.

Through as long a period as our historical readings run, the advent of Spring has been welcomed with unusual honors and gratulations. It was celebrated by the Greeks and Romans with public festivities, which are to this day preserved, under new conditions, in a large portion of Europe. It was welcomed by pæns and processions in England, by bonfires and social gatherings in Ireland. There is, nevertheless, an ovation paid to the occasion in the heart of every one—a triumph awarded the event, not less sincere that it has no special and marked exhibition. Here, under the beneficent influence of genial skies and a green earth, enterprise resumes its wonted life, and activity seeks for other channels in which to flow. As vegetation sends forth new shoots to ripen into the fruit of Autumn, so do trade and commerce put forth fresh ventures for the product of a future harvest; and every department of life thrills under the alchemy of a awakening animation.

We are now fairly launched into Spring. The year has begun in earnest. The sap rises in the trees; flowers will soon begin to blossom on the hills and in the valleys—and, on every side, the little birds are giving free and heavenly operas. Nature has performed its share towards the initiation of the year with accustomed largeness and liberality. It only remains that a proper advantage should be taken of the opportunities offered to carry the year onward to as happy, as glorious, and as successful a close as has illustrated any previous year in the history of California.

BUSINESS-LIKE MURDER.

Assasination is a Japanese political measure applicable not to Europeans only. We quote Mr. de Fonblanque's account of the murder of the Prince Regent or Gotairo, uncle to the young Tycoon, as he approahced the gate of his own residence after a ceremonial visit to his nephew. The morning has been showery, a group of men in broad brimmed straw hats and rain-coats, who may be labourers, traders, anything, halt, as if to kneel with the rest of the people, at the approach of the procession:

Suddenly, as if by word of command, they cast off their rain-coats, and, glittering in coats of mail, their bright swords brandished on high, they spring upon the Gotairo, as, unconcious of danger, he reclines in his chair. His followers, unprepared for attack, stand aghast as one of the norrimon bearers falls to the ground, cleft from the skull to the chin. The norrimon lies a wreck—there are shouts and groans—and then a man rushes through the barrier, waving a bleeding trophy, as he cries to the astounded guardian of the gate, "Make way for the head of the Gotario!"

The assailed, if they could not save, will avenge their chief. A furious conflict ensues; the assassins are but one to five. Several lie dead; others, desperately wounded, have yet time to commit the Hari Kari; four are overpowered, and reserved for a less sudden death; only three cut their way through their enemies, and escaped.

Ten minutes later, and all is quiet. The Gotairo's procession has passed into the palace; the dead and the wounded have disappeared as if they had never been. A shower has washed away the blood, and men, as they pass upon their errands, do not stop to notice the fragments of a norrimon, and beneath it the bleeding fingers of a human hand. These are the only remaining traces of the Gotairo's death.

On the following day the unfortunate officer on duty at the barrier through which the murdered prince's head had been borne in triumph, and who had failed to arrest the assassin, was requested to perform Hari Kari. He was a highly respectable and respected individual, and a large party of his relations and friends assembled at his residence to witness the ceremony. Having taken leave of them, and admitted the justice of his sentence, he made a superficial crucial incision on his abodomen with the small knife worn for such emergencies, and then handing his large sword to his nearest male friend (who stands on such occasions in the same relation as the best man at an English wedding,) he bared and bent his neck; the blade gleamed in the air, fell, and the head rolled on the ground.

It may be imagined that such an event as the murder of the Prince Regent, in open day and in the public streets of the capital, must have spread like wildfire, producing amazement and consternation throughout the city; yet, strange to say, few appeared to be aware of it, and the officers about the Legation when questioned said they had heard something about a fight near the palace, but that the Gotairo was quite well.

Mr. Alcock, on making his official inquiries, was informed that it was true that the Gotairo had been attacked and slightly wounded, but on his offering his services in a surgical capacity (he had studied and practised medicine with great success in early life) met with a cold refusal.

To all subsequent inquiries, as to those of his colleagues, the invarible reply was that the Gotairo was "neither better nor worse," which, considering that his head had not been recovered, was perfectly true; and six weeks elasped before the representatives of foreign powers were officially informed that the attack upon the Prince Regent had resulted in immediate death.

NEW YORK AHEAD.—The entire force raised in New York to sustain the General Government and "crush the rebellion" is officially stated at 237,119. The state of New York, in fact, has put under arms a force greater than Britain ever threw into the field of war.—*N. Y. Paper.*